

The Republican.

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AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE LAYING OF THE
CORNER STONE OF THE BUNKER HILL MONU-
MENT. BY DANIEL WEBSTER.

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THIS uncounted multitude before me, and around me, proves the feeling which the occasion has excited. These thousands of human faces, glowing with sympathy and joy, and from the impulses of a common gratitude, turned reverently to heaven, in this spacious temple of the firmament, proclaim that the day, the place, and the purpose of our assembling have made a deep impression on our hearts.

If, indeed, there be any thing in local association fit to affect the mind of man, we need not strive to repress the emotions which agitate us here. We are among the sepulchres of our fathers. We are on ground, distinguished by their valor, their constancy, and the shedding of their blood. We are here, not to fix an uncertain date in our annals, nor to draw into notice an obscure and unknown spot. If our humble purpose had never been conceived, if we ourselves had never been born, the 17th of June, 1775, would have been a day on which all subsequent history would have poured its light, and the eminence where we stand, a point of attraction to the eyes of successive generations. But we are Americans. We live in what may be called the early age of this great continent; and we know that our posterity, through all time, are here to suffer and enjoy the allotments of humanity. We see before us a probable train of great events; we know that our own fortunes have been happily cast; and it is natural, therefore, that we should be moved by the contemplation of occurrences which have guided our destiny before many of us were born, and settled the condition in which we should pass that portion of our existence, which God allows to men on earth.

We do not read even of the discovery of this continent, without feeling something of a personal interest in the event; without being reminded how much it has affected our own fortunes, and our own existence. It is more impossible for us, therefore, than for others, to contemplate with unaffected minds that interesting, I may say, that most touching and pathetic scene, when the great Discoverer of America stood on the deck of his shattered bark,

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the shades of night falling on the sea, yet no man sleeping; tossed on the billows of an unknown ocean, yet the stronger billows of alternate hope and despair tossing his own troubled thoughts; extending forward his harassed frame, straining westward his anxious and eager eyes, till Heaven at last granted him a moment of rapture and ecstasy, in blessing his vision with the sight of the unknown world.

Nearer to our times, more closely connected with our fates, and therefore still more interesting to our feelings and affections, is the settlement of our own country by colonists from England. We cherish every memorial of these worthy ancestors; we celebrate their patience and fortitude; we admire their daring enterprise; we teach our children to venerate their piety; and we are justly proud of being descended from men, who have set the world an example of founding civil institutions on the great and united principles of human freedom and human knowledge. To us, their children, the story of their labors and sufferings can never be without its interest. We shall not stand unmoved on the shore of Plymouth, while the sea continues to wash it; nor will our brethren in another early and ancient colony, forget the place of its first establishment, till their river shall cease to flow by it. No vigor of youth, no maturity of manhood, will lead the nation to forget the spots where its infancy was cradled and defended.

But the great event, in the history of the continent, which we are now met here to commemorate; that prodigy of modern times, at once the wonder and the blessing of the world, is the American Revolution. In a day of extraordinary prosperity and happiness, of high national honor, distinction, and power, we are brought together, in this place, by our love of country, by our admiration of exalted character, by our gratitude for signal services and patriotic devotion.

The society, whose organ I am, was formed for the purpose of rearing some honorable and durable monument to the memory of the early friends of American Independence. They have thought, that for this object no time could be more propitious, than the present prosperous and peaceful period; that no place could claim preference over this memorable spot; and that no day could be more auspicious to the undertaking, than the anniversary of the battle which was here fought. The foundation of that monument we have now laid. With solemnities suited to the occasion, with prayers to Almighty God for his blessing, and in the midst of this cloud of witnesses, we have begun the work. We trust it will be prosecuted; and that springing from a broad foundation, rising high in massive solidity and unadorned grandeur, it may remain, as long as Heaven permits the works of man to last, a fit emblem, both of the events in memory of which it is raised, and of the gratitude of those who have reared it.

We know, indeed, that the record of illustrious actions is most safely deposited in the universal remembrance of mankind. We know, that if we could cause this structure to ascend, not only till it reached the skies, but till it pierced them, its broad surfaces could still contain but part of that, which, in an age of knowledge, hath already been spread over the earth, and which history charges itself with making known to all future times. We know, that no inscription on entablatures less broad than the earth itself, can carry information of the events we commemorate, where it has not already gone; and that no structure, which shall not outlive the duration of letters and knowledge among men, can prolong the memorial. But our object is, by this edifice to show our own deep sense of the value and importance of the achievements of our ancestors; and, by presenting this work of gratitude to the eye, to keep alive similar sentiments, and to foster a constant regard for the principles of the Revolution. Human beings are composed not of reason only, but of imagination also, and sentiment; and that is neither wasted nor misapplied which is appropriated to the purpose of giving right direction to sentiments, and opening proper springs of feeling in the heart. Let it not be supposed that our object is to perpetuate national hostility, or even to cherish a mere military spirit. It is higher, purer, nobler. We consecrate our work to the spirit of national independence, and we wish that the light of peace may rest upon it for ever. We rear a memorial of our conviction of that unmeasured benefit, which has been conferred on our own land, and of the happy influences, which have been produced, by the same events, on the general interests of mankind. We come, as Americans, to mark a spot, which must for ever be dear to us and our posterity. We wish, that whosoever, in all-coming time, shall turn his eye hither, may behold that the place is not undistinguished, where the first great battle of the Revolution was fought. We wish, that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event, to every class and every age. We wish, that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from maternal lips, and that weary and withered age may behold it, and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests. We wish, that labor may look up here, and be proud, in the midst of its toil. We wish, that, in those days of disaster; which, as they come on all nations, must be expected to come on us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward, and be assured that the foundations of our national power still stand strong. We wish, that this column, rising towards heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object on the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden his who revisits it, may be

something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit.

We live in a most extraordinary age. Events so various and so important, that they might crowd and distinguish centuries, are, in our times, compressed within the compass of a single life. When has it happened that history has had so much to record, in the same term of years, as since the 17th of June, 1775? Our own Revolution, which, under other circumstances, might itself have been expected to occasion a war of half a century has been achieved; twenty-four sovereign and independent states erected; and a general government established over them, so safe, so wise, so free, so practical, that we might well wonder its establishment should have been accomplished so soon, were it not for the greater wonder that it should have been established at all. Two or three millions of people have been augmented to twelve; and the great forests of the West prostrated beneath the arm of successful industry; and the dwellers on the banks of the Ohio and the Mississippi, become the fellow citizens and neighbours of those who cultivate the hills of New England. We have a commerce, that leaves no sea unexplored; navies, which take no law from superior force; revenues, adequate to all the exigencies of government, almost without taxation; and peace with all nations, founded on equal rights and mutual respect.

Europe, within the same period, has been agitated by a mighty revolution, which, while it has been felt in the individual condition and happiness of almost every man, has shaken to the centre her political fabric, and dashed against one another thrones, which had stood tranquil for ages. On this, our continent, our own example has been followed; and colonies have sprung up to be nations. Unaccustomed sounds of liberty and free government, have reached us from beyond the track of the sun; and at this moment the dominion of European power, in this continent, from the place where we stand to the south pole, is annihilated for ever.

In the mean time, both in Europe and America, such has been the general progress of knowledge; such the improvements in legislation, in commerce, in the arts, in letters, and above all in liberal ideas, and the general spirit of the age, that the whole world seems changed.

Yet, notwithstanding that this is but a faint abstract of the things which have happened since the day of the battle of Bunker Hill, we are but fifty years removed from it; and we now stand here, to enjoy all the blessings of our own condition, and to look abroad on the brightened prospects of the world, while we hold still among us some of those, who were active agents in the scenes of 1775, and who are now here, from every quarter of New

England, to visit, oncemore, and under circumstances so affecting, I had almost said so overwhelming, this renowned theatre of their courage and patriotism.

VENERABLE MEN! you have come down to us, from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you might behold this joyous day. You are now, where you stood, fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers, and your neighbours, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country. Behold, how altered! The same heavens are indeed over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else, how changed! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon, you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewn with the dead and the dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death; all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives and children and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with an universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defence. All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber in the grave for ever. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you!

But, alas! you are not all here! Time and the sword have thinned your ranks. Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Brooks, Read, Pomeroy, Bridge! our eyes seek for you in vain amidst this broken band. You are gathered to your fathers, and live only to your country in her grateful remembrance, and your own bright example. But let us not too much grieve, that you have met the common fate of men. You lived, at least, long enough to know that your work had been nobly and successfully accomplished. You lived to see your country's independence established, and to sheathe your swords from war. On the light of liberty you saw arise the light of peace, like

— 'another morn,
Risen on mid-noon;—

and the sky, on which you closed your eyes, was cloudless.

But—ah!—Him! the first great Martyr in this great cause! Him! the premature victim of his own self-devoting heart! Him! the head of our civil councils, and the destined leader of our military bands; whom nothing brought hither, but the unquenchable fire of his own spirit; Him! cut off by Providence, in the hour of overwhelming anxiety and thick gloom; falling, ere he saw the star of his country rise; pouring out his generous blood, like water, before he knew whether it would fertilize a land of freedom or of bondage! how shall I struggle with the emotions, that stifle the utterance of thy name!—Our poor work may perish; but thine shall endure! This monument may moulder away; the solid ground it rests upon may sink down to a level with the sea; but thy memory shall not fail! Wheresoever among men a heart shall be found, that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with thy spirit!

But the scene amidst which we stand does not permit us to confine our thoughts or our sympathies to those fearless spirits, who hazarded or lost their lives on this consecrated spot. We have the happiness to rejoice here in the presence of a most worthy representation of the survivors of the whole Revolutionary Army.

VETERANS! you are the remnant of many a well fought field. You bring with you marks of honor from Trenton and Monmouth, from York-town, Camden, Bennington, and Saratoga. VETERANS OF A HALF A CENTURY! when in your youthful days, you put every thing at hazard in your country's cause, good as that cause was, and sanguine as youth is, still your fondest hopes did not stretch onward to an hour like this! At a period to which you could not reasonably have expected to arrive; at a moment of national prosperity, such as you could never have foreseen, you are now met here, to enjoy the fellowship of old soldiers, and to receive the overflowings of a universal gratitude.

But your agitated countenances and your heaving breasts inform me that even this is not an unmixed joy. I perceive that a tumult of contending feelings rushes upon you. The images of the dead, as well as the persons of the living, throng to your embraces. The scene overwhelms you, and I turn from it. May the Father of all mercies smile upon your declining years, and bless them! And when you shall here have exchanged your embraces; when you shall once more have pressed the hands which have been so often extended to give succour in adversity, or grasped in the exultation of victory; then look abroad into this lovely land, which your young valor defended, and mark the happiness with which it is filled; yea, look abroad into the whole earth, and see what a name you have contributed to give to your country, and what a praise you have added to freedom, and then rejoice in the sympathy and gratitude, which beam upon your last days from the improved condition of mankind.

The occasion does not require of me any particular account of

the battle of the 17th of June, nor any detailed narrative of the events which immediately preceded it. These are familiarly known to all. In the progress of the great and interesting controversy, Massachusetts and the town of Boston had become early and marked objects of the displeasure of the British Parliament. This had been manifested, in the Act for altering the Government of the Province, and in that for shutting up the Port of Boston. Nothing sheds more honor on our early history, and nothing better shows how little the feelings and sentiments of the colonies were known or regarded in England, than the impression which these measures every where produced in America. It had been anticipated, that while the other colonies would be terrified by the severity of the punishment inflicted on Massachusetts, the other seaports would be governed by a mere spirit of gain; and that, as Boston was now cut off from all commerce, the unexpected advantage, which this blow on her was calculated to confer on other towns, would be greedily enjoyed. How miserably such reasoners deceived themselves! How little they knew of the depth, and the strength, and the intenseness of that feeling of resistance to illegal acts of power, which possessed the whole American people! Every where the unworthy boon was rejected with scorn. The fortunate occasion was seized, every where, to show to the whole world, that the colonies were swayed by no local interest, no partial interest, no selfish interest. The temptation to profit by the punishment of Boston was strongest to our neighbours of Salem. Yet Salem was precisely the place, where the miserable proffer was spurned, in a tone of the most lofty self-respect, and the most indignant patriotism. 'We are deeply affected,' said its inhabitants, 'with the sense of our public calamities; but the miseries that are now rapidly hastening on our brethren in the capital of the Province, greatly excite our commiseration. By shutting up the port of Boston, some imagine that the course of trade might be turned hither and to our benefit; but we must be dead to every idea of justice, lost to all feelings of humanity, could we indulge a thought to seize on wealth, and raise our fortunes on the ruin of our suffering neighbours.' These noble sentiments were not confined to our immediate vicinity. In that day of general affection and brotherhood, the blow given to Boston smote on every patriotic heart, from one end of the country to the other. Virginia and the Carolinas, as well as Connecticut and New Hampshire, felt and proclaimed the cause to be their own. The Continental Congress, then holding its first session in Philadelphia, expressed its sympathy for the suffering inhabitants of Boston, and addresses were received from all quarters, assuring them that the cause was a common one, and should be met by common efforts and common sacrifices. The Congress of Massachusetts responded to those assurances; and in an address to the Congress at Philadelphia, bearing the official signature, perhaps among the last, of the im-

mortal Warren, notwithstanding the severity of its suffering and the magnitude of the dangers which threatened it, it was declared, that this colony 'is ready, at all times, to spend and to be spent in the cause of America.'

But the hour drew nigh, which was to put professions to the proof, and to determine whether the authors of these mutual pledges were ready to seal them in blood. The tidings of Lexington and Concord had no sooner spread, than it was universally felt, that the time was at last come for action. A spirit pervaded all ranks, not transient, not boisterous, but deep, solemn, determined,

————— 'totamque infusa per artus
Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet.'

War, on their own soil and at their own doors, was, indeed, a strange work to the yeomanry of New England; but their consciences were convinced of its necessity, their country called them to it, and they did not withhold themselves from the perilous trial. The ordinary occupations of life were abandoned; the plough was staid in the unfinished furrow; wives gave up their husbands, and mothers gave up their sons, to the battles of a civil war. Death might come, in honor, on the field; it might come, in disgrace, on the scaffold. For either and for both they were prepared. The sentiment of Quincy was full in their hearts. 'Blandishments,' said that distinguished son of genius and patriotism, 'will not fascinate us, nor will threats of a halter intimidate; for, under God, we are determined, that wheresoever, whensoever or howsoever we shall be called to make our exit, we will die free men.'

The 17th of June saw the four New England colonies standing here, side by side to the triumph or to fall together, and there was with them from that moment to the end of the war, what I hope will remain with them for ever, one cause, one country, one heart.

The battle of Bunker Hill was attended with the most important effects beyond its immediate result as a military engagement. It created at once a state of open, public war. There could now be no longer a question of proceeding against individuals, as guilty of treason or rebellion. That fearful crisis was past. The appeal now lay to the sword, and the only question was, whether the spirit and the resources of the people would hold out, till the object should be accomplished. Nor were its general consequences confined to our own country. The previous proceedings of the colonies, their appeals, resolutions, and addresses, had made their cause known to Europe. Without boasting, we may say, that in no age or country, has the public cause been maintained with more force of argument, more power of illustration, or more of that persuasion which excited feeling and elevated principle can

alone bestow, than the revolutionary state papers exhibit. These papers will for ever deserve to be studied, not only for the spirit which they breathe, but for the ability with which they were written.

To this able vindication of their cause, the colonies had now added a practical and severe proof of their own true devotion to it, and evidence also of the power which they could bring to its support. All now saw, that if America fell, she would not fall without a struggle. Men felt sympathy and regard, as well as surprise, when they beheld these infant states, remote, unknown, unaided, encounter the power of England, and in the first considerable battle, leave more of their enemies dead on the field, in proportion to the numbers of combatants, than they had recently known in the wars of Europe.

Information of these events circulating through Europe, at length reached the ears of one who now hears me. He has not forgotten the emotion, which the fame of Bunker Hill, and the name of Warren, excited in his youthful breast.

SIR, we are assembled to commemorate the establishment of great public principles of liberty, and to do honor to the distinguished dead. The occasion is too severe for eulogy to the living. But, sir, your interesting relation to this country, the peculiar circumstances which surround you and surround us, call on me to express the happiness which we derive from your presence and aid in this solemn commemoration.

Fortunate, fortunate man! with what measure of devotion will you not thank God, for the circumstances of your extraordinary life! You are connected with both hemispheres and with two generations. Heaven saw fit to ordain, that the electric spark of Liberty should be conducted, through you, from the new world to the old; and we, who are now here to perform this duty of patriotism, have all of us long ago received it in charge from our fathers to cherish your name and your virtues. You will account it an instance of your good fortune, sir, that you crossed the seas to visit us at a time which enables you to be present at this solemnity. You now behold the field, the renown of which reached you in the heart of France, and caused a thrill in your ardent bosom. You see the lines of the little redoubt thrown up by the incredible diligence of Prescott; defended, to the last extremity, by his lion-hearted valor; and within which the corner stone of our monument has now taken its possession. You see where Warren fell, and where Parker, Gardner, M'Cleary, Moore, and other early patriots fell with him. Those who survived that day, and whose lives have been prolonged to the present hour, are now around you. Some of them you have known in the trying scenes of the war. Behold! they now stretch forth their feeble arms to embrace you. Behold! they raise their trembling voices to invoke the blessing of God on you, and yours, for ever.

Sir, you have assisted us in laying the foundation of this edifice. You have heard us rehearse, with our feeble commendation, the names of departed patriots. Sir, monuments and eulogy belong to the dead. We give them, this day, to Warren and his associates. On other occasions they have been given to your more immediate companions in arms, to Washington, to Greene, to Gates, Sullivan and Lincoln. Sir, we have become reluctant to grant these, our highest and last honors, further. We would gladly hold them yet back from the little remnant of that immortal band. *Serius in cælum redeas.* Illustrious as are your merits, yet far, oh, very far distant be the day, when any inscription shall bear your name, or any tongue pronounce its eulogy!

The leading reflection, to which this occasion seems to invite us, respects the great changes which have happened in the fifty years, since the battle of Bunker Hill was fought. And it peculiarly marks the character of the present age, that, in looking at these changes, and in estimating their effect on our condition, we are obliged to consider, not what has been done in our own country only, but in others also. In these interesting times, while nations are making separate and individual advances in improvement, they make, too, a common progress; like vessels on a common tide, propelled by the gales at different rates, according to their several structure and management, but all moved forward by one mighty current beneath, strong enough to bear onward whatever does not sink beneath it.

A chief distinction of the present day is a community of opinions and knowledge amongst men, in different nations, existing in a degree heretofore unknown. Knowledge has, in our time, triumphed, and is triumphing, over distance, over difference of languages, over diversity of habits, over prejudice, and over bigotry. The civilized and Christian world is fast learning the great lesson, that difference of nation does not imply necessary hostility, and that all contract need not be war. The whole world is becoming a common field for intellect to act in. Energy of mind, genius, power, wheresoever it exists, may speak out in any tongue, and the *world* will hear it. A great chord of sentiment and feeling runs through two continents, and vibrates over both. Every breeze wafts intelligence from country to country; every wave rolls it! all give it forth, and all in turn receive it. There is a vast commerce of ideas; there are marts and exchanges for intellectual discoveries, and a wonderful fellowship of those individual intelligences which make up the mind and opinion of the age. Mind is the great lever of all things; human thought is the process by which human ends are ultimately answered; and the diffusion of knowledge, so astonishing in the last half century, has rendered innumerable minds, variously gifted by nature, competent to be competitors, or fellow-workers, on the theatre of intellectual operation.

From these causes, important improvements have taken place in the personal condition of individuals. Generally speaking, mankind are not only better fed, and better clothed, but they are able also to enjoy more leisure; they possess more refinement and more self-respect. A superior tone of education, manners, and habits prevail. This remark, most true in its application to our own country, is also partly true, when applied elsewhere. It is proved by the vastly augmented consumption of those articles of manufacture and of commerce, which contribute to the comforts and the decencies of life; an augmentation which has far outran the progress of population. And while the unexampled and almost incredible use of machinery would seem to supply the place of labor, labor still finds its occupation and its reward; so wisely has Providence adjusted men's wants and desires to their condition and their capacity.

Any adequate survey, however, of the progress made in the last half century, in the polite and the mechanic arts, in machinery and manufactures, in commerce and agriculture, in letters and in science, would require volumes. I must abstain wholly from these subjects, and turn, for a moment, to the contemplation of what has been done on the great question of politics and government. This is the master topic of the age; and during the whole fifty years, it has intensely occupied the thoughts of men. The nature of civil government, its ends and uses, have been canvassed and investigated; ancient opinions attacked and defended; new ideas recommended and resisted, by whatever power the mind of man could bring to the controversy. From the closet and the public halls the debate has been transferred to the field: and the world has been shaken by wars of unexampled magnitude, and the greatest variety of fortune. A day of peace has at length succeeded; and now that the strife has subsided, and the smoke cleared away, we may begin to see what has actually been done, permanently changing the state and condition of human society. And without dwelling on particular circumstances, it is most apparent, that, from the beforementioned causes of augmented knowledge and improved individual condition, a real, substantial, and important change has taken place, and is taking place, greatly beneficial, on the whole, to human liberty and human happiness.

The great wheel of political revolution began to move in America. Here its rotation was guarded, regular, and safe. Transferred to the other continent, from unfortunate but natural causes it received an irregular and violent impulse; it whirled along with a fearful celerity; till at length, like the chariot wheels in the races of antiquity, it took fire from the rapidity of its own motion, and blazed onward, spreading conflagration and terror around.

We learn from the result of this experiment, how fortunate was

our own condition, and how admirably the character of our people was calculated for making the great example of popular governments. The possession of power did not turn the heads of the American people, for they had long been in the habit of exercising a great portion of self-control. Although the paramount authority of the parent state existed over them, yet a large field of legislation had always been open to our colonial assemblies. They were accustomed to representative bodies and the forms of free government; they understood the doctrine of the division of power among different branches, and the necessity of checks on each. The character of our countrymen, moreover, was sober, moral, and religious; and there was little in the change to shock their feelings of justice and humanity, or even to disturb an honest prejudice. We have no domestic throne to overturn, no privileged orders to cast down, no violent changes of property to encounter. In the American Revolution, no man sought or wished for more than to defend and enjoy his own. None hoped for plunder or for spoil. Rapacity was unknown to it; the axe was not among the instruments of its accomplishment: and we all know that it could not have lived a single day under any well founded imputation of possessing a tendency adverse to the Christian Religion.

It need not surprise us, that, under circumstances less auspicious, political revolutions elsewhere, even when well intended, have terminated differently. It is, indeed a great achievement, it is the master work of the world, to establish governments entirely popular, on lasting foundations; nor is it easy, indeed, to introduce the popular principle at all, into governments to which it has been altogether a stranger. It cannot be doubted, however, that Europe has come out of the contest, in which she has been so long engaged, with greatly superior knowledge, and, in many respects, a highly improved condition. Whatever benefit has been acquired, is likely to be retained, for it consists mainly in the acquisition of more enlightened ideas. And although kingdoms and provinces may be wrested from the hands that hold them, in the same manner they were obtained; although ordinary and vulgar power may, in human affairs, be lost as it has been won; yet it is the glorious prerogative of the empire of knowledge that what it gains it never loses. On the contrary, it increases by the multiple of its own power; all its ends become means; all its attainments, helps to new conquests. Its whole abundant harvest is but so much seed wheat, and nothing has ascertained and nothing can ascertain, the amount of ultimate product.

Under the influence of this rapidly increasing knowledge, the people have begun, in all forms of government, to think, and to reason, on affairs of state. Regarding government as an institution for the public good, they demand a knowledge of its operations, and a participation in its exercise. A call for the Repre-

sentative system, wherever it is not enjoyed, and where there is already intelligence enough to estimate its value, is perseveringly made. Where men may speak out, they demand it; where the bayonet is at their throats, they pray for it.

When Louis XIV. said, "I am the state," he expressed the essence of the doctrine of unlimited power. By the rules of that system, the people are disconnected from the state; they are its subjects; it is their lord. These ideas, founded in the love of power, and long supported by the excess and the abuse of it, are yielding, in our age, to other opinions; and the civilized world seems at last to be proceeding to the conviction of that fundamental and manifest truth, that the powers of government are but a trust, and that they cannot be lawfully exercised but for the good of the community. As knowledge is more and more extended, this conviction becomes more and more general. Knowledge, in truth, is the great sun in the firmament. Life and power are scattered with all its beams. The prayer of the Grecian combatant, when enveloped in unnatural clouds and darkness, is the appropriate political supplication for the people of every country not yet blessed with free institutions;

'Dispel this cloud, the light of heaven restore,
Give me TO SEE—and Ajax asks no more.'

We may hope, that the growing influence of enlightened sentiments will promote the permanent peace of the world. Wars, to maintain family alliances, to uphold or to cast down dynasties, to regulate successions to thrones, which have occupied so much room in the history of modern times, if not less likely to happen at all, will be less likely to become general and involve many nations, as the great principle shall be more and more established, that the interest of the world is peace, and its first great statute, that every nation possesses the power of establishing a government for itself. But public opinion has attained also an influence over governments, which do not admit the popular principle into their organization. A necessary respect for the judgment of the world operates, in some measure, as a control over the most unlimited forms of authority. It is owing, perhaps, to this truth, that the interesting struggle of the Greeks has been suffered to go on so long, without a direct interference, either to wrest that country from its present masters, and add it to other powers, or to execute the system of pacification by force, and, with united strength, lay the neck of Christian and civilized Greece at the foot of the barbarian Turk. Let us thank God that we live in an age, when something has influence besides the bayonet, and when the sternest authority does not venture to encounter the scorching power of public reproach. Any attempt of the kind I have mentioned, should be met by one universal burst of indignation; the air of

the civilized world ought to be made too warm to be comfortably breathed by any who would hazard it.

It is, indeed, a touching reflection, that while, in the fulness of our country's happiness, we rear this monument to her honor, we look for instruction in our undertaking, to a country which is now in fearful contest, not for works of art or memorials of glory, but for her own existence. Let her be assured, that she is not forgotten in the world; that her efforts are applauded, and that constant prayers ascend for her success. And let us cherish a confident hope for her final triumph. If the true spark of religious and civil liberty be kindled, it will burn. Human agency cannot extinguish it. Like the earth's central fire it may be smothered for a time; the ocean may overwhelm it; mountains may press it down; but its inherent and unconquerable force will heave both the ocean and the land, and at some time or another, in some place or another, the volcano will break out and flame up to heaven.

Among the great events of the half century, we must reckon, certainly, the Revolution of South America; and we are not likely to overrate the importance of that Revolution, either to the people of the country itself or to the rest of the world. The late Spanish colonies, now independent states, under circumstances less favourable, doubtless, than attended our own Revolution, have yet successfully commenced their national existence. They have accomplished the great object of establishing their independence; they are known and acknowledged in the world; and although in regard to their systems of government, their sentiments on religious toleration, and their provisions for public instruction, they may have yet much to learn, it must be admitted that they have risen to the condition of settled and established states, more rapidly than could have been reasonably anticipated. They already furnish an exhilarating example of the difference between free governments and despotic misrule. Their commerce, at this moment, creates a new activity in all the great marts of the world. They show themselves able, by an exchange of commodities, to bear an useful part in the intercourse of nations. A new spirit of enterprise and industry begins to prevail; all the great interests of society receive a salutary impulse; and the progress of information not only testifies to an improved condition, but constitutes, itself, the highest and most essential improvement.

When the battle of Bunker Hill was fought, the existence of South America was scarcely felt in the civilized world. The thirteen little colonies of North America habitually called themselves the 'Continent.' Borne down by colonial subjugation, monopoly, and bigotry, these vast regions of the South were hardly visible above the horizon. But in our day there hath been, as it

were, a new creation. The Southern Hemisphere emerges from the sea. Its lofty mountains begin to lift themselves into the light of heaven; its broad and fertile plains stretch out, in beauty, to the eye of civilized man, and at the mighty bidding of the voice of political liberty the waters of darkness retire.

And, now, let us indulge an honest exultation in the conviction of the benefit, which the example of our country has produced, and is likely to produce, on human freedom and human happiness. And let us endeavour to comprehend, in all its magnitude, and to feel, in all its importance, the part assigned to us in the great drama of human affairs. We are placed at the head of the system of representative and popular governments. Thus far our example shows that such governments are compatible, not only with respectability and power, but with repose, with peace, with security of personal rights, with good laws, and a just administration.

We are not propagandists. Wherever other systems are preferred, either as being thought better in themselves or as better suited to existing condition, we leave the preference to be enjoyed. Our history hitherto proves, however, that the popular form is practicable, and that with wisdom and knowledge men may govern themselves; and the duty incumbent on us is, to preserve the consistency of this cheering example, and take care that nothing may weaken its authority with the world. If in our case, the Representative system ultimately fail, popular governments must be pronounced impossible. No combination of circumstances more favorable to the experiment can ever be expected to occur. The last hopes of mankind, therefore, rest with us; and if it should be proclaimed, that our example had become an argument against the experiment, the knell of popular liberty would be sounded throughout the earth.

These are excitements to duty; but they are not suggestions of doubt. Our history and our condition, all that is gone before us, and all that surrounds us, authorize the belief, that popular governments, though subject to occasional variations, perhaps not always for the better, in form, may yet, in their general character, be as durable and permanent as other systems. We know, indeed, that, in our country, any other is impossible. The *Principle* of Free Governments adheres to the American soil. It is bedded in it; immovable as its mountains.

And let the sacred obligations which have devolved on this generation, and on us, sink deep into our hearts. Those are daily dropping from among us, who established our liberty and our government. The great trust now descends to new hands. Let us apply ourselves to that which is presented to us, as our appropriate object. We can win no laurels in a war for Independence. Earlier and worthier hands have gathered them all. Nor are there places for us by the side of Solon, and Alfred, and other founders of states. Our fathers have filled them. But there

remains to us a great duty of defence and preservation; and there is opened to us, also, a noble pursuit, to which the spirit of the times strongly invites us. Our proper business is improvement. Let our age be the age of improvement. In a day of peace, let us advance the arts of peace and the works of peace. Let us develop the resources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its institutions, promote all its great interests, and see whether we also, in our day and generation, may not perform something worthy to be remembered. Let us cultivate a true spirit of union and harmony. In pursuing the great objects, which our condition points out to us, let us act under a settled conviction, and an habitual feeling, that these twenty-four states are one country. Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be, our COUNTRY, OUR WHOLE COUNTRY, AND NOTHING BUT OUR COUNTRY. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid Monument, not of oppression and terror, but of Wisdom, of Peace, and of Liberty, upon which the world may gaze, with admiration, for ever!

TO MR. RICHARD CARLILE.

DEAR SIR, Sloane Street, Chelsea, Nov. 22, 1825.
 HAVING seen in public print* your liberation announced, allow me to congratulate you upon your release from a villanous incarceration. Your sufferings were truly lamentable, and there was no Christian, *in the true meaning of that word*, at least, there was no rational or good man but commiserated you. Were it not for your sufferings, I could have wished you had died a martyr in prison. A circumstance of this kind, although shocking to contemplate, would have made more proselytes to your principles than the preaching of ten thousand paid bishops would have made converts to Christianity. The longer they kept you imprisoned, the more they defeated their own views: by exciting general feeling they kept the thing alive, and made converts to your cause. This, and this only, opened the eyes of the canting crew, who, at last gave way (for I cannot believe there is any man of liberal education, but what must see the impropriety and iniquity of persecution for religious opinions) but not before they were literally compelled to bite their fingers ends. May your perseverance and noble example in the cause of mental improvement be crowned with success and receive its just reward. You have already gained the brightest laurel on the tree of fame. *Cant and religious humbug* (I use the word humbug because it conveys the lowest, most appropriate, and contemptuous meaning, that I

* The Examiner of last Sunday. A paper I esteem for its rationality and genuine patriotism,

can conceive, or that occurs to my mind as applicable to priestcraft and hypocrisy: *indeed it may be truly said, it is here used in its most virtuous sense*) are completely defeated, a little more perseverance and the business is done. *Priestly humbug* will receive its amen blow.

Wishing you and your family health and every prosperity, I earnestly subscribe myself your zealous friend and well-wisher.

WM. PAUL ROGERS.

P. S. While the mind and speech of mankind remain bottled up, there can be no substantial happiness. There must be thorough liberty of speech on Theological subjects. I do not mean nor say liberty of speech on other subjects; because man may ruin his neighbour and brother, but upon subjects that can harm no living mortal. I repeat, that liberty and freedom of speech should, and I doubt not will ere long, ultimately prevail; falsehood should be met by contradiction and adequate punishment, all else that is wanted are laws to suppress violence and secure property.

QUERIES, INSTRUCTIONS, AND COMFORT FOR THE RELIGIOUSLY AFFLICTED.

“Let him that is afflicted, pray: and him that is merry, sing psalms.”

WHERE sleeps the God of the Catholics and Protestants? Where dozes the tremendous God of Israel? How tame the thunder of Sinai! Where, O hypocritical, God—called, Holy Ghost—inspired methodists, slumbers your Idol, the true Jehovah? See they not what we are doing? Hear they not what we are saying? Stand forth, O priests, and your Gods with you, arrest our progress, or you and they will not have a foot of ground to stand on. Shall I, O priests, form another prayer for you, a petition to your Joss, in the fulness of fraudulent anguish and dread of the loss of tythes, church-livings and all the benefits of marriage notes, funeral ceremonies and Easter dues? Yes, you shall have a prayer in the true Presbyterian stile, and a hymn or psalm in the very spirit of King David, Laureatto Jehovah and man after God's own heart.

A PSALM,

To be sung in all Christian Churches, Bedlam, Chapels, Presbyterian Meeting Houses; but chiefly in Methodist tabernacles, to the praise and glory of Joss.

O Lord! Jehovah! in thy wrath
And tenfold vengeance rise,
Consume all reason, sense and truth
And prosper fraud and lies.
For thy mercy endureth for ever.

O show no mercy unto those
 Who dare dispute thy word;
 To save them from Hell's fiery lake,
 O Lord! would be absurd.
 For thy mercy endureth for ever.
 Therefore, arise and lay about,
 O help us! or we faint,
 Or else the atheists will destroy
 Both thee and every saint.
 For thy mercy endureth for ever.
 Let swift destruction be their doom,
 Who in justice put their trust;
 The friends of truth send to the tomb,
 Lord! roll them in the dust.
 For thy mercy endureth for ever.
 But bless all true hypocrites,
 Who thrive by fraud and lies;
 Grant Lord, that by thy heavenly grace,
 We may all truth despise.
 For thy mercy endureth for ever.

SELAH.

After which the following prayer:—

O most merciless Jehovah! who art thyself NOTHING, madest all things out of NOTHING, who dwellest every where, can be found nowhere, who makest man to sin and punishest him for sinning. Thou, O Lord! who can do good but will not, or would do good but cannot, whose attributes are every thing and amount to nothing, who livest in companionship with the Devil, who art mightier than he in word only, while he is mightier than thou in deed; for he doeth evil in spite of thy teeth, and thou never doest any good! Descend, in thy wrath, among thy enemies. Blight those who can neither see nor know thee, with thy lightnings; confound them with thy thunders; crush them with thy power; annihilate them with thy omnipotence. Destroy them utterly, root and branch, as thou didst the enemies of thy right, faithful and worthy servants the remorseless Jews, who, thou promisest should rule over the whole earth, and who now rule nowhere. Save us, O Lord, for the atheists, the sons of science, virtue and truth, with new names, the Materialists, the Zetetics the Zerotarians, are risen up against us, and against thee, O Lord. "Souse them and douse them! in the powdering tub of thy affliction that they may come forth tripe fit for thy table, O Lord!"* They deny our books; they laugh us to scorn; they believe not our holy lies: yea, they deny thy very existence. Therefore, better mind what thou doest, O Lord, or they will send thee packing, with all the

* See presbyterian eloquence—One prays thus: "Thou sayest they are worse than infidels, who provide not for their own—we are thine own and yet have been but scurvily provided for, O Lord!" Another thus—"Permit us not to go to hell, O Lord; for, if we go to hell and become the property of the Devil, who will lose by that, O Lord?" I would recommend this book to the methodists, as a criterion of genuine home brewed prayer. Nothing can exceed it in plainness of style. It is a most capital jest book.

wooden gods of Canaan, the stone gods of Greece, and the thirty thousand familiar gods and goddesses of Rome; with the terrible Gods, like thyself, of old Scandinavia, and the ragman god, Mumbo Jumbo, of Africa.† It is time to show a miracle,‡ O Lord! to save thyself, if not thy priests. Create a new Sun or two, or half a dozen Moons. Or, in thy unsearchable mercy, play at the ten plagues of Egypt again and slay all the first born; for thy mercy endureth for ever. Or, O! may it please thee, to set on another massacre of Saint Bartholomew. Then shall thy priests and the elders rejoice and be exceedingly glad. O send forth thy lying spirit to confound truth and destroy the confidence of society. O raise up Johanna Southcote, Richard Brothers, and Swedenborg from the dead, that they may come and prophecy unto us, that they may comfort us and confound our enemies. Lo! the radical reformer, Jesus, is no more. The humbugging Devil has cried off. Hell is destroyed and heaven is no where. Religion and the wicked are fading away fast, and if man become virtuous and happy, what will become of thee and thy priests. O Lord? Send war, ruin, and desolation on earth; but save thy priests, and thy chosen people, the elect before all time, and the called in the name of the Lord Jesus. Amen! Amen!! Amen!!!

SHEBAGO.

The following Specimen of IRISH RELIGION and IRISH KNOWLEDGE is copied from a Letter published in the Morning Herald for Nov. 29.

WHILE the driver was mending a part of his horse's harness, I walked up to one of these groupes. Observing a small pamphlet in the hands of a man belonging to the party, I imagined that I had discovered a knot of "Biblicals," who were enlightening themselves with one of the "pretty little books" distributed by the Tract Society. I asked the man what he was reading. "Fathe, Sir," said he, "I was reading a very elegant poem, which Father — gave me,—may the Lord bless him for it!" Looking at the pamphlet, I observed the name of Carlile. "Surely," said I, "a Priest would never give you a book in favour of that man?" He replied (apparently pleased with my sentiment), "in favour of him, did yer honour say? Ah, bad luck to him! but its not in

† The great God, Mumbo Jumbo, is represented by a rag tied to a tree, in the vicinity of the Village—When displayed, the natives bring fowls, eggs, fish, yams, and fruit, and leave them at the foot of the tree. When all have made their offering, Mumbo Jumbo and the property disappear, and the priest blesses the village. If the priest is not satisfied, Mumbo Jumbo remains, and the people are threatened with calamities, which frequently appear in the very questionable shape of poisoned water. This is no quotation.

‡ A very bungling miracle has lately been played off in Spain. Numbers of the Spaniards swallowed it in whole.

favour of him at all." Being anxious to know what idea he had formed of Carlile, I asked him what he thought Carlile's religion was. "Why sure," said he, "he's nothing but a Protestant—a mere Orangeman." Somewhat puzzled at this reply, I inquired if there were no difference between a Protestant and an Orangeman. "Well then, by J—s," he answered, "I know of none."

For a *kippeny* I obtained this "*elegant poem*," and I here present the public with a literal copy of it, not doubting but they will be pleased, and edified by it, as I have been—

A Poem against Carlile's
English Hatched Heresy.

'T WAS in the fourth century that Arius did oppose,
The Church the lawful spouse of Christ, which the whole world knows,
He denied the Holy Trinity, believed but in Persons two,
So his proselytes by darkness led a bye path did pursue,
Our Lord and only Saviour still mindful of his flock,
Built his church quite visible upon a solid Rock,
He promised to remain with her unto the end of days,
And his consolation thro' each nation shone with glorious rays,
Ere he to Heaven did ascend all power he did confer,
Upon his twelve Apostles that they might not err,
With heavenly fire he did inspire the 12 on Whitsunday,
And the Holy Ghost their pilot was they could never stray.
The Heresy of Carlile has drooped its head in Court and died,
Those vile perpetrators and false teachers will surely end in 25,
By power divine being rendered blind their souls they could not steer,
So on the rock of error splitting finished their career.
An English bull and hornless of late I here require,
That the Prelates of Ireland should grant his desire,
With him to barter power divine for lying heresy,
But his crafty wiles they disregard they dread captivity,
Let them beware of a fanatic and watch how the rogue moves,
Let them be wise as serpents harmless as doves,
Let them still hold unto the fold that belongs unto the Church,
For the promises assigned to her will leave no one in the lurch,
The sons of Granu suffered much when the prince of whigs did reign
For the articles at Limerick signed they never did obtain,
He persecuted priests and monks he robbed the laity,
And our holy Bishops some new attempt with jarring heresy,
There out—pop—these holy men will never change a coat,
They feed their flock with heavenly food and still obey the Pope,
3 Chap of St. Paul to Titus.

For search the scriptures to and fro shew me where you can find,
That an heretic of any age has power to loose or bind.
Ye pious sons of Erin—ye Catholics I mean,
Never dread those holy men they never broke the chain,
Nor never lost one link of it since the Apostle's days.
Nor never will till time's no more for this our Saviour said,
My dear beloved brethren I mean for to conclude.
I hope there's none among you will think me vain or rude,
The reason that I did extract those lines from Scripture's rules,
Was to let all false seducers know our Bishops were no fools.
Limerick: Printed by S. B. Goggin, 15, George's-street, near the corner
of William-street, where Cobbett's works may be had.

Country Dealers.

MARK WELL—That S. B. GOGGIN, is constantly supplied with School Books of the best editions and in the most durable binding; also an extensive assortment of Pictures, Ballads; &c. &c. all manufactured under his own inspection which enables him to sell cheaper than any other house in this Kingdom.

In justice to the erudite Mr. S. B. Goggin, I have copied the preceding notice which is attached to the *poem*. As there can be no doubt that his "ballads, poems, and school-books, all manufactured under his own inspection," will be in great demand in England, as the *literati* here have now an opportunity of appreciating their merit.

 DR. OLINTHUS GREGORY.

WHEN I received, from the Rev. Mr. Wait of Bristol, the Letters of Dr. Olinthus Gregory, as evidential of the soundness of the Christian Religion, and as the work of a scientific man upon the subject, I was not aware, that the author was living, and I was totally ignorant of his character and past and present situation in life. Under this state of ignorance, I proceeded to make my observations upon his work, and finding that he had been rather bitter towards the opponents of Christianity, I fell into a corresponding error as a retort, for which, from a better knowledge of him, I have since been sorry. The first edition of that work is nearly out of print and I look forward to the opportunity of re-writing it and of making it a complete reply to all the attacks upon infidelity toward the Christian system of religion, and a thorough refutation of all the supposed evidences of the soundness of the system.

But Dr. Gregory has lately come forward in a new character, one that commands my highest respect, one that brings with it a common good to mankind, free from the bitterness of religious feuds, with the admirable Dr. Birkbeck he is a joint patron of the new Mechanic Institutions. In this character, I hail Dr. Gregory as the common friend of man, and several little sketches of his life that I have lately read have instructed me to know him as a good man. I therefore very much desire to remove all bitterness of expression in my review of his evidences of the soundness of Christianity, and I most sincerely ask and offer a mutual forgiveness for the past.

The manner in which the Rev. Mr. Wait was in the habit of writing to me was a great provocation to strong expressions on my part; but I hope, that, from two visits in Dor-

chester Gaol from Mr. W. his son and daughter in law, I convinced them, that I was by no means disposed to be the first to adopt a virulent attack upon an opponent in sentiment. I have lately seen an account of the death of one Mr. Wait of King Square, Bristol, but it was not mentioned as the Rev. Mr. Wait, whom I found in a bad state of health, and who, I fear, has not survived my imprisonment to receive that visit of mine in Bristol which I have purposed and for which I have an invitation,

Of Dr. Gregory, I am now disposed to think nothing but good, and, as must have been almost a universal case, his speech to the Mechanics of Deptford and its vicinity, has raised my admiration of him to a high pitch. An article of this kind is never stale, and I now introduce that speech to the readers of 'The Republican' as a proof of the great good which these Mechanics' Institutes cannot fail to do, in connecting the highest state of mathematical and other scientific ability with the lowest state of mechanical labour.

R. C.

White Hart Inn, Salisbury, Dec. 2, 1825.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTION AT DEPTFORD.

A numerous meeting of the mechanics of Deptford was lately held at the Roman Eagle, for the purpose of establishing a Mechanics' Institution in that town, Dr. Olinthus Gregory in the chair, who, after a brief exordium, addressed the meeting as follows:—

"You must prepare yourselves for opposition. There is not, in the whole range of human undertakings, one that has not had to contend with some species of enemy; and it is only until you have overcome every difficulty, and stand upon your own firm and proud pre-eminence, that you must expect your labours to go on quietly. I do not mean to say that this opposition will, in all cases, proceed from persons of bad intentions, but from those who really do not take the trouble to understand the object you have in view. I remember when poor children, twenty or thirty years ago, were first taught the simple art of penmanship, it was urged—'Oh! you must not teach them to write, or they may commit forgery.' (A laugh.)—Now, let us see how far this kind of reason will carry us. You must not teach children to speak, or they may commit perjury. Again, suppose my excellent friend, Dr. Birkbeck, to be called upon to attend a person labouring under a paralytic attack, it might be said, 'Oh don't do any thing for him, let him remain as he is, or who knows but that in a week or two he may commit an assault.' (A laugh.) The general questions are—'How far do you intend to go?—What

do you purpose by your Mechanics' Institutes? You have your National Schools, your Lancasterian Schools, your Sunday Schools, and now, forsooth, you must have your Schools of Science.' Gentlemen, I will tell you how far we intend to go—to the very extent of your mental susceptibilities. It is said, that immediately you are instructed in science you become unfitted for the practical arts; as if the improving of your heads would lessen the skilfulness of your fingers. I contend, from actual observation, that the contrary is the fact. Will a man, because he may be told that Queen Elizabeth reigned after William the Conqueror, make the worst journeyman blacksmith? Because he may be instructed in geography, and learn that the Cape of Good Hope is in Africa, and Cape Horn in South America, will he make the worse locksmith? Because he may be told the elements of which water is composed, will he make the worse shipwright, husband, father, or son? I have, within my own ken, and even within my own eye at this moment, men, who, filling an humble situation in life, are persons whose talents and mental industry render them objects of my admiration. I know an individual residing at Woolwich, an aged man, who has weathered the storms of seventy winters, and never, I believe, at any period of his life, earned above thirty shillings per week, and yet science is considerably indebted to the genius and assiduity of that venerable person. He has, among many other improvements, invented a composition pendulum, the service of which is well known to and duly appreciated by my friend, Dr. Birkbeck, and others around me. Now, I will venture to say, that the individual of whom I am speaking has quite as much industry, and is equally fitted for the occupation by which he gains his livelihood, as if he were perfectly innocent of the talent which I have told you he possesses. I have now to inform you, that several gentlemen, who are eminent in science, have kindly offered their assistance in occasionally delivering lectures to you. But it is not upon lectures that you are altogether to depend for the information you seek.—Much is to be done—much must be done by yourselves, by conversation, by mutual interrogation, and by assembling in groups, and demonstrating to each other the truths with which one may have been enabled to become more readily acquainted than another: and here let me remark, that the most important principles may be exhibited by very simple apparatus—for instance, the principle of the lever may be shown by a foot-rule and some penny-pieces; and by the means of a spring steel-yard, and the models of the beams of a house or ship, the precise strain which these beams will bear may be ascertained. There is not, perhaps, one among you, who does not know that in laying the rafters for a floor, they are so placed that their depth may exceed their breadth. And this, which may appear to some of you the result of custom, is not so, but the consequence of a knowledge of

one of the fixed laws of nature—namely, that in any beam the breadth multiplied by the square of the depth, divided by the length, will represent the strength. Why, then, should not the labouring carpenter be made acquainted with these laws? Why should not the plumber be instructed in the science of hydraulics? Improvements are far more likely to be suggested to those engaged in the practical application of a science to the useful purposes of life, than to those whose attention is devoted to its theory. I know of several improvements that have been made in an engine in Woolwich yard by the persons engaged in the labour of working it. There are, besides, other advantages resulting from the knowledge of science. Opportunities will sometimes occur when that knowledge will be of the utmost possible consequence. I will mention two cases bearing upon this declaration. Two young men, neither of whom could swim, were about to bathe in a place where the water did not appear above four feet deep. One of them, however, who had studied a little of optics, and knew that the rays of light refracted from water, that is, in passing from a denser to a rarer medium, would become bent, and consequently elevate the bed of the river, cautioned his companion to stop, just as he was on the point of plunging into the stream. This probably saved the young man's life, for it was subsequently ascertained that the water was above six feet deep. The second is an instance of the life of a sailor being saved through the scientific knowledge of a cabin boy: this lad had read in a book, that the specific gravity of the whole of a man's body was to a similar bulk of sea water as nine is to ten, and consequently that it must float upon its surface; but the man kept lifting his arms above the water, which the lad saw would counterbalance the less specific gravity of the remainder of the body; he therefore kept calling to the sailor, 'Keep your arms down!' This advice was attended to for more than twenty minutes, and the poor fellow's life was eventually saved. Gentlemen, this poor cabin boy was no less an individual than the subsequently eminent Mr. Nicholson, editor of the Philosophical Journal, who, in connexion with Dr. Birkbeck, first gave that impulse to the mechanics which is now felt at the remotest parts of the kingdom. Here, then, is a striking instance of a man bursting from obscurity—of genius shaking off the trammels that bound it, and springing into new life and freedom. What was Sir Richard Arkwright? a man to whose genius this country is indebted for very much of its commercial prosperity—to whose improvements in the machinery for spinning cotton we are indebted for being enabled to keep the cotton trade chiefly confined to ourselves—what, I say, was the great Arkwright? A barber. Yet we owe our proud superiority in this department of our national greatness to the unassisted efforts of Dick the Barber. Who was Ferguson? A simple peasant, a man, who wrapped in his plaid, passed the

winter nights in contemplating the heavens, and who, by arranging his beads upon the cold heath, at length completed a map of the stars. Who was Dr. Herschel, the discoverer of so many important astronomical facts? A boy who played the pipe and tabor in a foreign regimental band. Who was Watt? A mathematical instrument maker. Who was Smeaton? An attorney, Who was Brindley, whose canals have given such an accession of power to our commerce by the facilities of internal communication? A millwright. Nicholson, a cabin boy; and Ramadge the best maker of reflecting telescopes in the world, a Scotch cutler.—Now, without labour, without perseverance, without science, Sir R. Arkwright would have remained Dick Arkwright the barber—the great Herschel would have piped on to the end of the chapter—Watt would have made spectacles—and all the others would have continued in that obscurity from which they emerged with such astonishing brilliance.”—The Learned President sat down amidst most cordial cheering.

SUN OR FIRE WORSHIP,

THE ORIGINAL WORSHIP OR RELIGION OF MANKIND.

Every system, save one, must have had a beginning; that one, I take to be the *per se* properties of matter. Religion is a corruption that is secondary to the existence of mankind, and if we cannot trace the origin of the latter, as a distinct portion of animal matter, there still remains a probability of tracing the origin of the former, as an erroneous moral principle springing from an ignorance of its real properties. To get at the foundation of the errors of this moral principle called religion, it is necessary to rest on the things that do exist and not on the words which have arisen as erroneous descriptions of those things. The most powerful thing operating upon the surface of the earth is the sun, and all things on the face of the earth are influenced by it. We have no knowledge of other influence that can form an exception to its universal action on the surface of the earth, and hence we may safely infer, that it has given birth to the fabled history of the Gods. In No. 6, of this volume, I gave some reasons for this conclusion, and I find, that a respectable correspondent in Besley's Exeter News has farther illustrated the subject; which illustration I append to this head. While in Exeter, I learnt, with satisfaction, that Mr. Besley was reprinting the hitherto published works of MacKay, and I hope to see from his press a neat and corrected edition, which we shall keep on sale in London.

Whiddon's Hotel, Plymouth, Nov. 27, 1825. R. C.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXETER NEWS.

GRIMSPOUND, or a circular Temple of the Sun under Hamel
Down.

In continuation of my last subject I beg leave to add one more paragraph from the very able author of the *Indian Antiquities*. "These are," says Mr. Maurice, "all plain vestiges of the solar devotion, as well as proofs of its *universal* influence, which spread from the plains of Babylon, where it originated under Belus, to the rocks and forests of Britain, *first tenanted* by his posterity (rather his worshippers) the *Belidæ*, that primeval colony who instituted the *Bealtine*, and who, according to Mr. Bryant's and my own supposition, were the fabricators of Stonehenge, and the designers of Abury."—vi. 144. True! and the same *Belidæ*, whom Stukeley calls the *Albionites*, enclosed the sacred circles of Grimspound, and lit the consecrated fires to their God *Belinus*, on the carnedd's of Dartmoor. These sacred fires once blazed over the whole island—as well as over the sister island. "On May-eve, the Druids," says Mr. Toland, made prodigious fires on these carns, which, being *every one in sight of some other*, could not but afford a glorious show over a whole nation. These fires were in honour of Beal, or Bealau, Latinized by the Roman writers into *Belenus*, by which name the Gauls, and their colonies understood the Sun; and therefore *to this hour*, the first day of May is, by the Aboriginal Irish, called *la Bealtine*, or *the day of Belen's fire*. May-day is likewise called *la Bealtine* by the Highlanders of Scotland, who are no contemptible part of the Celtic offspring. So it is in the Isle of Man: and in Armorica, a priest is still called *Belee*, or the servant of *Bel*, and the priesthood *Belegieth*."—vi. 155. Maurice from Toland, p. 70.

The solar God, Bel, was holden in such high reverence, that the very names of Kings and Generals, both in Carthage and Britain, were compounded of Bel, or Beal. Ex. gr. Hanni-bal; Asdru-bal; and the British king—Cuno-belinus, (*the royal Belin*).—See Gough's Camden, l. lxxvii.

The Tank or Lake, which is on the north side of the Temple, was a very frequent appendage of Brahminical places of worship, and used for purification. This tank was, if I conjecture right, of an elliptical form, but is now a morass covered with water plants, and among others the *cotton plant*. The form and depth of the tank cannot at present be accurately ascertained, but I hope that the Rev. Mr. Mason, (to whom, as well as to Mr. Jones, I feel much indebted for their kind assistance in this inquiry,) will make some effort, not only to investigate them, but to determine whether any steps or pavement, or stone work of any kind remain at the bottom, or sides of the tank. Mr. Puddicombe is kind enough to send me the following information:—

"On examining the north boundary I found that the small stream from above, which divides the parish of North Bovey from Manaton, enters the enclosure at about the north-east part of the wall, and that it is encreased whilst within the wall by a spring arising from a bog (the morass above mentioned); and that in its course to its outlet, through the north-west part of the wall, there are evident marks of manual labour in forming a channel for it; and in one place is a well from whence water bubbles, near which the stream is covered with several stones laid across it."

It is hardly necessary to go into any lengthened observations upon these sacred lakes or tanks, but Herodotus has remarked, in the Temple of Minerva (divine wisdom) at Sais, that "vast obelisks stand erected on the consecrated ground (not unfrequent among the Druids) near a lake of orbicular form, the edges of which are covered with stone, and in my opinion equal to that of Delos, which is called *Trochoeides* (wheel shaped)." Upon this Larcher observes, after Callimachus and others, that Apollo (another of the ten thousand names of the solar God) when he was not yet four years old, erected an altar near a round lake.—Herod. 11. sect. 174. "In this lake" (continues Herodotus) "the Egyptians exhibit a representation of the accidents which befel Osiris, and which they call mysteries. But for the sake of decency I shall not, (so speaks the mystic historian) explain these things, though the far greater part is well known to me. Neither shall I utter one word more than is permitted touching the sacred rites of Ceres (the ever fertile mother Nature) which in Greece are called *Thesmophoria* (legislative)."—11. sect. 171. Here *en passant*, the reader sees, as he frequently may in Herodotus, the cautious reserve of this *Freemason of the Eleusinian mysteries*. It was death to divulge the *arcana Cereris*. "I have an oath in Heaven!" But to proceed. The indecencies alluded to were, I fear, not uncommon in the Druidical worship; but it must be recollected and never lost sight, of that what is religious is not viewed with the same eyes, as what is common, and, what is of greater import, in the civilized state of society in which we now live—our ideas and words are of a purer kind—at least the latter are: what is immodest to us, was of a religious awe and veneration to our Brahminical, Egyptian, and Druidical teachers. Use reconciles every thing. Even to this day in one of our Druidical caverns the coarse vulgar appellation still remains; and in another, which is rather extraordinary, the emblem of the God (Mithras) exists in all its pristine indelicacy.—See Asiatic Researches, VI. 502. Faber 11. 419. 408-9. Even Devonshire is not exempt, and retains two at least of the mystic caverns. There are strong remains of ancient grossness in our own laws, and in English Courts of Justice; and well does Mr. Halted observe that "upon trials for rape and adultery the English Courts are full as little modest and equivocal in their language" as any part of the Hindoo laws, and the language of

the pentateuch is so unequivocally indecent to modern ears, that some passages cannot even be read.—See p. lix., &c. of the preface of Mr. Halhed to the Code of Gentoo Laws.

Mr. Polwhele is not quite correct in the following observation, p. 64. "Of an amphitheatrical mound, similar to that at Phan, or St. Just in Cornwall, which I have described in the second section (p. 21), Grimspound is the *only* specimen in Devonshire:" for an Hamel Down in the vicinity of Grimspound, is another circle, called *Berry-pound*, similar, though not so large; and Mr. Lyson remarks, "that small circular enclosures are found on the moor between Cawsand-hill and Gidleigh, formed by low stone walls; they occur also on many other parts of Dartmoor, sometimes in considerable groups."—p. cccvi.

In fact it was no uncommon thing for two Temples to be contiguous, one being dedicated to the Sun, and the other to the Moon, or the heavens. Upon this subject I refer the reader to Maurice, VI. 121. and Toland on the Druids, 123-4. Of the houses of the Druids, see p. 141.; and of their office, p. 222. I do not however speak decisively of *Berry-pound* for I took but a very cursory view of it, and it may have been a Celtic amphitheatre.

In my next, and concluding letter I intend to make a few remarks upon some ancient trackways (as they are called) lately explored by Mr. Mason, upon the forest of Dartmoor, and in the meantime,

I remain, Sir, your's,
AN ANTIQUARY.

Nov. 21, 1825.

TO MR. RICHARD CARLILE, LONDON.

MR. R. CARLILE,

Glasgow, Nov. 28, 1825.

ON learning you were at liberty, a number of friends favourable to free discussion, met in the house of an acquaintance, for the purpose of expressing to each other, and to you, their sentiments on the joyful event. After several appropriate speeches, an address, drawn up by order of the Committee of a former meeting, was read and adopted, followed by a request to you that it might be inserted in *The Republican*. Some of the speeches were also ordered to be transmitted to you; but as they were delivered extempore, the speakers declined being the cause of so much delay as would be necessary in committing them to manuscript. The following is the

Congratulatory Address to Mr. Richard Carlile.

SIR,

WE feel the greatest happiness in congratulating you on your liberation from a dungeon. If the cause of an individual were, in its consequences, entirely confined to himself, his grievances

might command our commiseration, but we could hardly be interested in their redress. It is different, however, where the public or any officer of the public is concerned. One man's cause is here the cause of every man. Never is the aphorism, "He that injures one threatens an hundred," more applicable than in an affair of popular interest. In every case of this kind it is not a threat, but an invasion of privileges that is sustained by an injury done to an individual; it is not an hundred merely that are wronged and insulted, but the whole of the community. Not only is the matter rendered important by the official character of the aggressors, but by the nature of the subject involved in their proceedings. In your case that subject is nothing less than the liberty of the press. If this great question were discussed in the house of parliament on a petition of the Vice Society to have it destroyed—what an outcry, what a clamour, what an expression of indignation would be heard throughout the whole country! And do not the people see that if works on religion and politics, publications affecting the best interests of society, are to be subject to the censorship of an odious and corrupt cabal, the liberty of the press will at length be more effectually annihilated than if it had been done by statute law? If they do not, they are deluded in spite of both precept and example; you have *said*, and *done*, and *SUFFERED* much in their cause. When thousands would have shrunk from the labour, or stooped beneath the heavy hand of oppression, and many more would have renounced the principles which occasioned their troubles—your zeal and constancy have been unabated, nay, have required force and elasticity from the pressure bearing upon them. It is to these, it is to your own exertions that you chiefly owe your liberty. We regard it not as an act of grace or favour on the part of the administration. The little liberality which has ranked them, in popular opinion, above their predecessors, would hardly carry them so far. If, indeed, they had chosen to risk their character and safety, they might ultimately have found themselves powerful enough to effect your perpetual imprisonment and death; but unreasonably protracted suffering, even in the case of the guilty, generally excites feelings favourable to the sufferer. What shall we say, then, when the only offence of the victim has been the advocacy of truth and the unalienable rights of humanity? We cannot but express our hatred of the sentiments which operated, and the measures which were employed in such an outrageous undertaking. Reasoning can have no effect on the bigot or the enthusiast, except it be to engender his malice, which a persevering avowal of truth, (like the concentrated rays of the sun) brings to an explosion. But even for the persecuting rage of the fanatic there is a remedy. A calm, a dignified, an unshaken adherence to the sure principles of experience and philosophy will, in the esteem of the virtuous, disarm the monster Intolerance of all its terrors; and it is not

flattery to say, that these you have exhibited in no ordinary degree. The example is highly worthy the imitation of the advocates of free discussion; neither has it been given in vain. It has "steeled with valour the melting spirits of women." May we not, therefore hope, that, the fire of it will kindle such an ardent disposition for the abasement of tyranny as will overwhelm with disgrace, the detestable wretches whose intriguing conspiracy procured your incarceration? That sanctimonious, that vicious and hypocritical nest of reptiles is already filled with consternation at the spread of science and useful knowledge. Its very existence is a reproach to the nation, and will give future generations no great opinion of the present. But the annihilation of this unprincipled gang seems to be the inevitable consequence of the firm and collected courage of the plundered and abused objects of its inquisitorial cruelty; and posterity will be gratified to learn, that if we had a government, an aristocracy, a priesthood, and a combination of villains capable of throwing trammels on the aspiring intellect of mankind,—we had also a patriot whose noble resistance triumphed over the audacious treachery of them all.

ALEX. CAMPBELL,
GAVIN PARK,
J. H. SIMSON, } The Committee.

MR. RICHARD CARLILE.

SIR,

Nottingham, Nov. 22, 1825.

THE time has arrived, when man shaking off the shackles which bound his intellect and enervated his reason, fearlessly and industriously searches the causes which confined them. There he is exposing with unsparing hand, he is scattering them to the wind, they vanish as soon as he attacks them, and every step he takes in the pursuit, he feels himself sensibly exalted above his former state.

But though he has done much in raising himself from his mental debility, there is a more arduous task remaining to be accomplished, I allude to the emancipation of his fellow creatures. The multitude are still in ignorance, they still yield implicit credence to a blood-sucking priesthood, a barbarous magistracy, and a corrupt government, blind to their real state, they turn a deaf ear to a recital of their wrongs, and assuming a state of savage security, they pronounce blasphemy against the man, who dares to utter on their behalf the voice of reason.

But we, who have already burst our chains, and prefer a reliance on our own powers, rather than the wild sallies of revelation, wishing to see this spirit eradicated as quickly as possible, must use every means in our power to accomplish the desired

end: a few of us at Nottingham, animated by this spirit, have been actively employed the last few weeks in distributing in this town and its neighbourhood, the references to the Holy Bible. If we can but get our fellow creatures to read and think upon what they read, our end will be accomplished; and if their thoughts are employed on the Bible, they cannot but in a short time appreciate its real value. We have been thinking likewise that an improvement may be made in the references. If on the front page were a few passages and a reference to a few more; and on the back a few sweeping aphorisms,* with a catalogue of about a dozen of the principal works, with agents' names, we conceive they would be of more general utility.

Before I close I will just observe that we have formed a society for free discussion; meeting every Sunday evening, at 7 o'clock, at the Rancliffe's Head, Gedling Street. We canvass every subject relating to the happiness of man; and the freedom of inquiry that exists renders it highly beneficial to the improvement of its members. The bigot will sometimes attend and twine his nonsense round the legitimate offspring of close thought; but his specious arguments can always be detected, either by its unintelligible jargon or the sophistry they contain.

We congratulate you, Sir, on your liberation from prison: we can now entertain hopes that the cause of truth will proceed with greater rapidity, that your publications will be more numerous and valuable, that your presence will animate your friends and deter your enemies, and, in fine, triumph over all opposition.

Nov. 22, 1825.

JOHN SMITH.

TO MR. RICHARD CARLILE.

SIR, 10, Goodge Street, Middlesex Hospital, Nov. 25, 1825.

I AM about to open a Dispensary to supply the poor with medicine, attendance, &c. either at my house or at their own houses, as may be necessary, on payment of one shilling, (about the average value of medicine consumed in the treatment of disease), and bringing a letter of recommendation from a respectable person. Now, my object in informing you of this is, that, as the saints support each other, I think we ought to do the same. I shall consider the readers of 'The Republican,' at all times admissible, taking the knowledge I have of their intellect and general good conduct as a sufficient recommendation. The hours of application are from 1 to 10 in the morning.

I remain, Sir, your faithful and obedient servant,

R. WEBB.

* Something of this kind is in hand.—R. C.

TO THE READERS OF THE REPUBLICAN.

Printing Office, London, Dec. 8, 1825.

HERE I am once more, after a hard struggle to get away from my Devonshire and Hampshire friends. To those of Portsea, I must make an apology, as I could not wait to shake hands with the half of them. Hitherto, mine has been but a running visit: if at liberty in the summer, I purpose to make a more formal visit in as many parts of the country as I can get over. I had prepared a journal of my movements from Exeter, with a hope of finding room in the present No.: but I find it too late and must defer it a week.

I pay my respects to my London Friends and heartily thank them for the support which they have given me during my confinement. I wish it to be known, that I did not reach London until this morning at 12 o'clock, as I hear that many suppose, that I have been in town some days and fear to show myself at the shop, which, by the bye, is not so good as I could wish and will be soon changed for a better.

My wish is not to take an offensive attitude toward my late persecutors; but if any of them have a taste for similar proceedings to the past, I will meet them at an appointment for any purpose of the kind.

We have now on sale both Paine's and Palmer's works complete and I am ready to sell a copy of either to any person who may wish to take it from my hand.

The sale of the prints of the Jewish Idol has been interrupted by a little delay on the part of the Colourer, which I hope will not exceed the present week.

I shall not have much time to spend at the shop; but I repeat, that, if desired, I will meet any person there or any other where by appointment.

The congratulatory letters which I have received from various parts of the country are so numerous, that I can neither print nor answer the whole, so I must beg of each friend to partake of this general acknowledgement until I have an opportunity to make a better.

RICHARD CARLILE.